NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVII | SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1890. | NUMBER 44

McKean County Miner

[illegible] PORTER & SON, Proprietors

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] N. Y. & P. (Keystone Standard) arrives at [illegible] and departs at [illegible]

[illegible] R. R. arrives at 9:50 a. m. and leaves at 3:40 p. m.

[illegible] Corydon Mail leaves at 9:15 p. m. [illegible]

[illegible] Mail leaves Derry Thursday at 7:30 a. m. and departs at 1:30 p. m.

[illegible] Summit, before leaving Bum, [illegible]

[illegible] between 12 m. and 2:30 p. m. [illegible]

[illegible] open for delivery of mail [illegible] p. m.

E. M. KERR, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

McKEAN LODGE, No. 353, F. & A. M. meets [illegible] and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month, at Masonic Hall, Smethport.

C. W. PORTER, W. M.

A. W. SMITH, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

[illegible] Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible] Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F. meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. W. CHAMBERLIN, Chief Patriarch.

M. E. CRANDALL, Scribe.

K. of L.

[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], meets every [illegible] evening in the Opera House. Visiting members of each order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

JOHNSON JORDON, Recorder.

R. A. M.

[illegible] on Second, Fourth Wednesday evenings. Lodge meets in I. O. O. F. hall.

L. ROBBINS, President.

F. M. ALLEN, Secretary.

K. of P. M. E.

Smethport Commandery meets at 7:30 o'clock [illegible] evening.

SAMUEL FAY, Com.

[illegible] E. K.

O. U. A. M.

[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at K. A. C. [illegible] p. m.

JAMES MORGAN, Prest.

[illegible] Secy.

W. C. T. U.

Meets every afternoon Wednesday afternoon, [illegible] in Barker Block, Hachins Block [illegible] Mrs. D. S. Barker, Pres't.

Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Secy.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

Meets in Hackett Hall on first and third [illegible] in the month at 7 p. m.

GEORGE WALKER, K. K. C.

Philip Oakley, Scribe.

John D. McCausland, Warden.

Churches

[illegible]—Rev. W. L. Gaylord, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] School immediately after morning service. [illegible] Meeting on Sunday afternoon. Prayer Meeting Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Society meetings Friday evening at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Monday evening. Fraternity meetings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist.—Rev. W. A. Chaney, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young people's meetings Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock. Monthly concert Sunday evening preceding the third Sunday in each month at 7 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—Rev. Homer McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Holy Communion first Sunday in each month. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Church of the Immaculate Conception.—Rev. Father Smith, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Eldred.

Presbyterian.—J. G. Shaw, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and class meeting at close of preaching service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Seventh-day Adventists.—Meetings at Kingsley's grove school house, Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. S. W. Gamble and Wm. H. Saxby, ministering attendants. Sabbath School immediately after the preaching.

Methodist Episcopal.—Rev. [illegible], pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Universalist.—Rev. [illegible], pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.

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Smethport, Pa., Aug. 22, 1888.

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Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

JOHN M. APPLE, Notary Public. J. W. SOUTH

Apple & Barnsdall.

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Sanford & Sanford.

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Geo. A. Berry.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bolivar and Rock Berry's Block, Bradford, Pa.

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Hamlin & Foster

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Hubbard H. Hood.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Solicitation Secretary.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Hackett Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Hamilton.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Union Hotel, Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to.

J. Ford.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office: Mouse Block, Church Street, Smethport, Pa.

H. McSWEENEY. M. D. MYERS.

McSweeney & Myers.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Room: Producers Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

MYRON MYERS. T. F. MYERS

Myers & Myers.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 3 Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

James C. Hayes.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND COUNSELOR IN PATENT CAUSES, Office: South E. Cor. Main and Webster streets, Bradford, McKean County, Pa.

R. R. Mayo.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gleason Block, Smethport, Pa.

P. H. Collier.

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[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], meets every [illegible] evening, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block.

S. C. Read, Com.

A. H. Curtis, Adjutant.

W. R. C.

[illegible] Corps meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Hackett Block.

Mrs. Lena Webster, Pres't.

Secy.

Knights of St. John and Malta.

[illegible] Encampment, No. 17, meets every [illegible] evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall.

W. A. Thomas, Em. Com.

W. H. Curtis, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.

[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], meets every [illegible] evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Hackett Block. Visiting members of each order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

Carl Nagle, M. W.

Johnson Jordon, Recorder.

R. A. M.

[illegible] on Second, Fourth Wednesday evenings. Lodge meets in I. O. O. F. hall.

L. Robbins, President.

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Samuel Fay, Com.

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George Walker, K. K. C.

Philip Oakley, Scribe.

John D. McCausland, Warden.

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PURE OAK STOCK

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Single or Double Strap, Nail Nickel, Full Imitation Rubber and Full Genuine Hard Rubber Trimmed

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

So universally and prescribed by leading Physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are the recognized agents in the cure of Consumption. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion is perfect. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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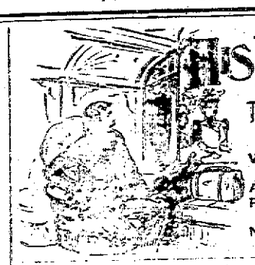
Best Route to Seattle and all North Pacific coast points.

The Scenic Line to California, via Portland and the Shasta Route.

Tickets on sale at all coupon offices.

For information apply to Geo. Stone, [illegible] Agent, A. M. Clements, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

—Subscribe for the Miner.



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Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun,
Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel,
Pauline Hall, Inspector Byrnes,
John L. Sullivan,
Nell Nelson, Mary Eastlake,
[illegible] Bill Nye.

IX.—EXPEDIENTS OF DESPAIR.

By MARY EASTLAKE. Illustrated by Miss E. L. SYLVESTER.

(Copyright. All rights reserved.)

It is the nature of a man to pursue.

He regards the whole world as a hunting ground, and anything that pleases his fancy, whether it be a bird, a pretty woman or a brute, as his lawful prey.

He may not care for the game or know why he pursues it, but the chase is irresistible, and, like the child with the butterfly, he will spoil his pretty clothes, stub his toe and get his feet wet running through brambles and puddles as long as the winged thing is in sight.

A woman only knows it she could run her lover by eluding him, for man ever wants what he can't get easily, and prizes most the fruit that hangs highest. To him no beauty is so entrancing as that which smiles and blushes beneath the mystic web of a gauzed veil, and doubly lovely is the loveliness that turns and flies at his approach.

Henshall knew neither rest nor peace of mind. The throbbing, sobbing notes of Edna's violin were as sweet to him as the music of the rolling spheres to the old philosopher.

He had eyes for nothing but the soft brown of her hair, laden complexion and dress. He thought of her through the day and dreamed of her in the night, and could they have been vocalized every sigh would have uttered, "I will find her."

And as he followed this small woman with his thoughts and his soul his bride Lena first became moody, then tearful, and finally so despondent that she threw herself in the arms of her companion and begged her to tell her what to do.

There was not any too much nectar in the make up of Mrs. Smith, and to change of her sharpening the edge of Mrs. Henshall's sensibilities. Instead of putting her arm about her neck, and electrifying her medulla spinalis with the magic of her touch, she took a hairpin from her waistbone and proceeded to loosen the cuticle about the girl's finger nails.

"And so you are disappointed with married life already? Well, my dear, you have only made the common error of expecting too much. You have foolishly invested the field of wedlock with the confines de rose, and studied your hero through the magnifying lens when you should have reversed the glass.

"And so you are disappointed with married life already?"

"Now let me advise you not to be unreasonable; don't tell me you expected to marry an angel. You are a mortal and married to a man, one of the queerest brutes that treads the earth. Yes, men are queer brutes," she repeated, crossing her eyes in fancy; "enthusiastic and deferential enough before marriage, but an entirely different sort of breed afterward."

"But Henry isn't; he's the same now that he was a year ago. He scarcely notices me, and never speaks unless I ask him a question. There's something on his mind. It isn't his work, for he hasn't finished a canvas this long time; and it isn't I, that's certain."

"Now, Lena, don't be foolish. You get as much petting as the average woman has a right to expect."

"Right! Am I not married to him, his lawful wife, and shouldn't I expect some evidence of his affection?"

"No, expect nothing; you can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Let him get thirsty; let him alone."

"But I don't want to let him alone."

"And there's just where you make a mistake. When you get your third husband you'll know how to manage him. The trouble with you is this, you have too many feelings and too much heart. It is a bother to have feelings, and my advice is to get rid of your heart if you want to have good digestion and keep your youth.

"A woman with a heart is in the power of her husband; a wife who has none can do as she pleases. Take all, give nothing in return—that's the true philosophy of matrimonial peace if you can't find contentment; and you needn't hunt for happiness, for it is not to be found on this planet to quantities to speak about."

This sort of advice was gall and wormwood to the honest, innocent young woman, but she knew well enough that her companion spoke from her bitter experience, and nauseous as the dose was she took it, dried her eyes and went to dress for a walk.

They had been at the Palace hotel in San Francisco for a week, and the painter had sought in vain to meet his ideal.

The amusement boards were placarded with bills for her concert engagement, every performance of which he had attended. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the theatre manager, and through him secured an introduction to Herr Rudolph Opper, whom he had wined and dined at the hotel. He had smoked, walked and driven with him, and as a last resort to win his confidence begged the impresario to sit for a portrait.

"Now, I would like very much to have you and Mrs. Henshall meet my little star, but I have nothing to say about it. It rests entirely with her, and she has positively refused to make any acquaintances. These professional women, you know, have to be humored, but Miss Neville, I am convinced, has a reason for wishing to avoid people, and as she is not well, I feel compelled to respect her wishes."

Henshall was pretending to portray the musician one morning when this conversation took place, and at that request Opper invited his host mask and his friends to dine with him.

"Well, of course, Herr Opper. I don't wish to seem impertinent, but I met Miss Neville several times in New York."

"You did!" interjected the musician.

"That is, I saw her—heard her play, and I have seen her every night during this engagement. My reason for asking to be presented is that I wish to make a picture of her for the next Academy. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or dreamed of, and if I could only paint her I believe the picture would make me famous."

The model, who was playfully dovetailing his fingers, offering no answer further than a mild indorsement of the compliment to the girl's beauty, it suddenly occurred to Henry that it might be policy to get the assistance of Lena, and excusing himself he went to call her.

While he was away Opper got up to stretch his legs, and in the circuit of the improvised studio came upon a small folio, which carelessly opened revealed a sketch done on a business card that fairly took his breath away.

"Miss Neville!" he muttered to himself. "Then this is the villian she has been trying to avoid ever since we left New York! My God! and I have been telling him about her. Another! Three! Two more! As I live, there is nothing else. And I was seriously thinking to have this man paint her from life. Well, well, well! this is great luck. I must go; this is something remarkable!"

A few moments later, when Henshall returned with his wife to propose an invitation for a supper party, he was surprised to find the room vacant.

There was no sign of Herr Opper in the hall, and as the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft he wisely concluded that his visitor had gone. The next morning was to send a playfully petulant note after him by messenger, and urge the importance of an early sitting for the next morning. The reply dumfounded him.

Herr Opper would not be able to keep the appointment nor make another until his return to New York.

At the concert that night the manager could not be seen, and when he had been repulsed a third time Henry fell to thinking with such fierce energy that he did not notice the burly detective in the evening dress who followed him into the ball and occupied the seat adjoining his.

* * * * *

When Dr. Watson reached Chicago and came face to face with his wife and his antagonist he was momentarily stunned.

"Curse the luck!" he thought to himself. "There are four sleepers in the train, but only one dining car, and no matter how I calculated it would be awkward. There's no use figuring. I can't do it." And he instantly became solicitous for his patient.

"My dear sir, what is it? Speak," putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and taking his pulse with the other. "You are pale, your eyes are glassy and you're chilled. Forgive me, dear Mr. Crawford, the run from New York has been too much for you. We should have laid off at Detroit. But we'll make amends here."

And before the astonished old gentleman could recover his senses at this unexpected burst of interest Dr. Watson signalled a porter to conduct him to the waiting room while he went to overtake Miss Brown, who had already arranged her section for the journey.

"My dear," he said, taking her by the arm, "I've changed my mind; come out on the platform. I want to speak to you," anxious to avoid the possible recognition of his wife. "Mr. Crawford is not well, and I have decided to stay over until to-morrow, but you can go on alone. Here's the letter and the tickets, and here's some money for your expenses.

"Go to Miss Crawford at once, and $500 spot cash if you catch the bird and hold her until we arrive. If anything happens I'll wire you and sign the message 'Brother,' so as not to arouse any suspicions in the mind of Miss Edna should she chance to see it. That's all, I guess. Good-by, sister. Won't you shake hands? Well, have it as you like. Be good to yourself and look sharp."

The bags and traveling blankets were hardly gathered up when the bell rang, the cry of "all aboard" was heard and the train steamed out of the depot.

Dr. Watson called a carriage and ordered the driver to take them to the Palmer house.

By way of sustaining his apprehensions for the welfare of Mr. Crawford, who was in reality very much prostrated from the fatigue of the journey, the doctor conducted him to the Turkish bath and had him steamed, rubbed and rolled until he was nearly dead. He had to be carried to his room on a stretcher, where he remained through the entire week.

Message after message was wired to Miss Brown during the week without getting any answer in reply.

Suddenly one day the treachery of the woman flashed through the doctor's mind, and he dashed off a dispatch, and marking it "rush" he carried it down to the rotunda of the hotel.

The dispatch was addressed to Louise Neville. It read:

"Come at once. Your father is dying.

"Dr. Watson."

X.—FISTS FLY.

By JOHN L. SULLIVAN. Illustrated by H. BOTTHOF.

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Baldwin's theatre was thronged with the beauty, wealth and fashion of San Francisco.

There was not a seat vacant, and even standing room was at a premium.

Henry Henshall, moody and discontented, occupied a parsimonious box alone. His bride of a few days was at the hotel, forgotten by her husband.

It was to be the last appearance of his divinity, and although he had tried every possible and impossible way of meeting her, if only for a few minutes, he had failed.

That night he had determined to speak to her at all hazards.

Early in the evening he stationed himself at the stage entrance, and there patiently awaited her arrival.

It wanted but fifteen minutes to 8 o'clock when the cab drove up in a modest hansom. She stepped lightly out, and glancing seldom right nor left bolted for the door. Her form was so great that there was crowd waiting on the sidewalk to catch a glimpse of her face, and no one paid any particular attention to the haggard young man in evening dress among them until he suddenly pushed forward and attempted to lay a detaining hand on the young lady's arm.

She did not notice the movement because, quick as he was, there was another quicker, and before he could touch her a big, well dressed man stepped quickly forward, and with no gentle hand dragged Henshall back into the crowd, saying gruffly and fiercely:

"Hunt not block up passageway. 'Gainst the rules, see?"

"What the devil—I say let me go, will you? I must see that lady. I know her. Do you hear? Who the devil are you, anyway?" gasped Henshall struggling in the grasp of his captor.

The latter smiled sneeringly and held the young man easily until the fair violinist had passed through the stage door.

Then he released him, remarking: "I know you know her, you blackguard, and I know she left orders that she wished to see no one, and least of all you. If we could only induce her to make a complaint against you I would take the greatest delight in putting you behind the bars, you scoundrel. As you have asked for my name I will give you my card. Here it is," and he handed the artist a plain white piece of pasteboard stamped:

JIM BURNS,
Detective Police, Central Office.

To say that Henshall was surprised would be putting it mildly. He was so indignant and astonished by the big detective's tirade that he could only listen in helpless amazement.

He took the card mechanically and asked stupidly:

"She said she didn't want to see me? Why, she don't know me."

Burns laughed sarcastically as he turned away, saying:

"Remember, young fellow, I'll keep my eyes on you," and before Henshall could gather his wits sufficient to demand an explanation Burns had disappeared.

The young artist found himself in a ridiculous position, the center of a gaping mob, when he did recover himself.

"Get on to the Johnnies!" "Pass de paint leatherni!" "He would be a masher, would he?" and other such complimentary allusions were showered on him, so he hastily went around to the front of the house and pushed his way to his box, determined at the first opportunity of having an explanation with Mr. Jim Burns, detective."

Two minutes after he had gone away from the stage entrance a red headed messenger boy shoved his way through the crowd that still lingered there.

He rapped loudly at the door for admittance, while those around regarded him curiously, and many asked him, "What's up?"

"Nuthin'," was his nonchalant reply.

After a delay of several minutes the stage door was cautiously opened a few inches, and a portion of the good natured Teutonic countenance of Herr Opper became visible.

Seeing the boy in uniform he admitted him at once, asking: "Message? For whom?"

Without any undue haste, and making no reply, the lad unbuttoned his jacket, shoved his left hand carefully into his inside coat pocket and pulled out a book.

Opening this carefully he took out a message addressed to "Miss Louise Neville, Baldwin's theatre, urgent," and handed it to the impatient manager.

As he saw the address the latter turned as if to hurry away, but the imperturable messenger caught him by the coat tail, shoved his little black covered book in his face and said:

"Sign, please. And say, give a fellow a ticket, will yer?"

With a smothered execration the worthy Opper signed for the message, and never heeding the boy's other request rushed off with the telegram to his star's dressing room.

As he approached it he heard the low, sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" played with a touch on the violin which made it fairly seem to speak.

The music ceased abruptly as he knocked for admission, and the door was opened by Miss Neville, who gazed at her manager in a startled way.

"Oh, Mr. Opper, is it time to go on? I had no idea that I was late."

"You are not late. The curtain will not go up for ten minutes yet, but this dispatch just arrived and I thought it best to bring it to you at once."

The girl's face turned deathly pale.

"Let me have it," she gasped.

He handed her the little yellow packet. She tore the envelope hurriedly, and it needed but a glance to master the contents:

"Come at once. Your father is dying.

"Dr. WATSON."

She did not totter and fall, but like a thoroughbred she held her queenly little head up high and said, quite calmly:

"I am sorry to forfeit my engagement, Mr. Opper," she said, "but I must leave you now at once. My father is dying. Read," and she held out the message to him.

"Hum, ah!" remarked Opper.

Much as he admired his fair attraction he did not like to lose the night's money, even if he had already earned a big purse through her.

Still, in the presence of death he thought it best to throw up the sponge, hoping by agreeing amicably to arrange for her reappearance later on.

In addition he had conceived a sincere and fatherly interest in the lonely girl, and so he submitted to the inevitable and said quite cheerfully: "Well, I suppose you must go, my dear. But there is an awful big house. I don't know what we can do. You must go alone, I suppose. I could not get away to-night, and you would not wait until to-morrow. How long has your father been in Chicago?"

"I did not know he was there until I received this telegram, which is sent from there," she answered, as she began to collect her few belongings.

"Well, wait a minute," cried Opper, suddenly rushing out.

He found Jim Burns around in the lobby of the theatre and quickly explained matters to him.

"I am going to close the house and return the money to-night, but I want to get Miss Neville safely off first; and now, Jim, you must follow her. I don't know why, but I mistrust the telegram. Will you go? Name your own terms."

"I'll go," said Burns, "but I must explain to the chief."

"There is no time. Leave that to me. He'll refuse me nothing. Get a cab and have it at the side door. First let the girl know you are following her. When she gets in the cab, you have another one ready and follow. A train goes in twenty minutes."

"That duck you told me to watch is inside. You'd better not say where the girl is going," said Burns.

"I won't," and with a hearty shaking of hands the men parted.

Five minutes later, heavily veiled, Louise Neville emerged from the stage door and entered the cab awaiting her.

As she drove off Burns got into another cab, ordering the driver to follow the first.

Meantime Opper was going through the most difficult ordeal known to the theatrical manager, that of trying to account for the non-appearance of his star.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, glancing at the vast audience apprehensively, "Miss Neville cannot appear to-night. Illness in her family. Her father dying. Message from Chicago to-night."

Then he paused abruptly, remembering that he had given her destination away, and glanced at the box occupied by Henshall.

The latter had heard enough. He was leaving his box like a flash, so the good hearted manager concluded his apologies with a rush, saying. "Sorry to disappoint you, ladies and gentlemen, and sorry to lose the door money, but it will be all returned at the box office, and I hope never to disappoint you again, and believe me your true and personal friend, Opper."

Then he rushed off the stage, determined to foil Henshall at all hazards.

"Ass! dolt!" were the pet names he called himself as he rushed out and jumped into a hack, commanding the driver, "Union depot, triple fare."

As he had surmised, Henshall was driving the same way and just as fast in another conveyance.

He did not know if his ideal woman had already started for Chicago or not, but he was bound to go there and find her.

He rushed into the depot and bought a ticket, and was told that a train would leave in two minutes.

He jumped aboard and rushed hastily through the cars.

At last his heart gave a great jump and then nearly stopped beating.

He saw her in a forward car, her shapely head resting in a pathetic way on one little gloved hand.

Then indeed Henshall lost his reason, and knew that the woman before him was the woman he truly loved.

Forgetful alike of prudence and common sense he walked rapidly toward him and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Pardon me, Miss Neville. If you knew how much I want to talk to you, how much I have to say to you! I know you are in danger!"

The last word he whispered, as there were others about.

The girl could not see his face distinctly.

She feared all strangers, so she arose and said icily: "Please go away. I do not know you, sir."

She had no need to say any more.

Burns had been just a little neglectful or else Henshall never would have got as near her as he had. But the big detective determined to atone for his neglect.

He applied fist, heel and his magnificent strength to the painter's anatomy, and rushed him through the car like a whirlwind, and out on the platform.

Henshall was not a coward.

Twice had he been baffled by this burly fellow, and now he determined to fight him.

The scrap ensued then and there.

The scrap ensued then and there.

Henshall knew how to use his dukes, and he did valiantly.

Burns, although a powerful man, knew little of the science of boxing, so his lighter antagonist pummeled him well with three or four straight from the shoulder before he got a chance to close with him and overpower him.

Just then Opper, hot and indignant, piled through the crowd pell mell, shouting:

"Hold him! Hold the scoundrel! Arrest him!"

During the excitement the train rolled away and the girl was gone alone, with no one of the three men, all so anxiously desirous of aiding her, near her.

Burns was savage. To several policemen who quickly gathered he displayed his badge, and then, summoning a cab and accompanied by Opper, he took Henshall a prisoner to police headquarters.

There Opper told the chief that the painter was a scoundrel who had been pursuing and annoying his star.

The charge was so ridiculous that Henshall laughed aloud.

Then, in bitter tones, he turned to Opper and said: "You fool, if you had only come to me like a man I would have cleared up your unjust suspicions."

He then explained the case in full, claiming only a chivalrous interest in the girl.

He had no little trouble in proving the truth of his statement, but he finally did, with the assistance of Mrs. Smith.

Mutual explanations ensued, and he and Burns shook hands and were friends, fighting for the same cause.

"I start for Chicago to-night," said Henshall, careless of everything.

"And I am with you," said Burns.

By the midnight train Burns and Henshall were speeding toward Chicago, determined to aid Louise Neville to the utmost of their power.

XI.—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

By P. T. BARNUM. Illustrated by H. C. COULTAUS.

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There comes a crisis in the lives of most people when sorrows crowd so thick and fast that there is a dreary satisfaction in the thought that "things cannot be much worse."

So felt Edna Crawford, sitting with bowed head and shaken nerves, on the train that is bearing her onward to the bedside of her dying father. She bitterly regrets ever having left him, and tortures herself with wild pictures of the sufferings he may have endured at the unscrupulous hands of Dr. Watson.

For this man, so inextricably entangled with the sorrow and disgrace that are connected with her past life, she feels a deep and relentless loathing. It was through his persecutions she was forced to leave her father's side, and remembering this, her young face wears an expression of such intense hatred that it attracts the attention of the lady occupying the opposite chair.

This lady had quietly entered the car by one door as Henry Henshall, powerless in the grasp of Detective Burns, was ejected through the other.

She was dressed in an elaborate light silk gown, totally inappropriate for traveling, and over a dainty little theatre bonnet was placed a heavy dark veil that completely covered her face.

Beneath the veil was the tear stained countenance of Lena Henshall, who had been aroused by the tragic expression of Edna Crawford's face that she had seen

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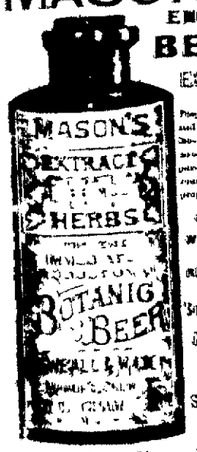

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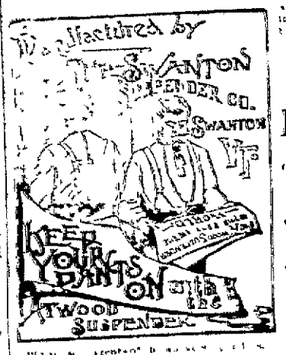

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FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

NEWS, NOTES AND EXPERIENCES IN FARM LIFE.

The Magnitude Attained by the Seed Industry of the Country—Popular Prejudices Among Our Foremost Seedsmen. How Among Our Foremost Seedsmen. A Word About Seed Catalogues.

How persons, whether farmers or not, realize the magnitude attained by the seed business in this country. As every one is familiar with olden times when every farmer grew his own garden seeds or went without, unless he could borrow of a more provident neighbor the increase in this branch of agriculture has been a phenomenal one. By common consent it seems to be understood that growing seeds especially such as are to be used in flower and vegetable gardens is best done by those who make it a specialty and in addition to being large producers, provide themselves with all the appliances necessary for the proper harvesting, cleaning and finally putting it in acceptable packages the multitudes of want that now in the market. In no part of business has the boy to take so much true like fortunate for both buyer and producer a good name is the seedsman's surest and quickest passport to success. Only by the continuing long of good results exhibited in plants true to their names from trial to trial seeds have leading seedsmen gained widespread prominence.

One of the things to be guarded against in the use of seeds grown at a distance is the introduction of new varieties of common weeds. This danger concerns chiefly to grass and grain seeds grown by farmers for sale, but is yearly becoming less from the use of better machinery for cleaning from an better machines for cleaning from an particles and the more critical inspection to which they are being subjected.

Many of our foremost seedsmen have used among small country stores, to be sold in connection. The old custom of selling over long back all that remained unsold, and again sending out such varieties as not favorable conditions are known to retain their vitality for two or more seasons, has brought this system into disrepute. This is no more than should be expected from a system by which the seeds, which on sale are subjected to damaging exposures sometimes standing out in the sun for months to attract attention. In the southern states a year more of necessity under seeds thus exposed very doubtful if not wholly worthless. The tendency among leading seedsmen and the demanded by their customers are to secure the sale of seeds to those of the last season's growth. The failure to germinate is one of the complaints are so often made and which is so frequently charged to the poor quality of the seed is quite often due to the manner of planting or cultivation. Many plants prove better when the seeds are grown at a distance from the place where they are to be used. The same is true of fruit trees. A word of caution ought not to be out to farmers and gardeners from among seed from their own crops as a sound economy from a scientific point and are free from disease.

Some of the most rural grass is the same space to show illustrations of mammoth fruits or vegetables. Others are held in field and garden culture which to the practical reader may be worth pictures and seeds established and the whole is not comprehensive, direct to the point for planting.

These catalogues are sent free on application especially when the writer remembers to inclose a government stamp for return postage. The present is a convenient season for looking over descriptive matter, and making out one's orders for the seeds required for another season.

Success in Wheat Culture.

In a lecture on corn from the Indiana Farmers' Institute it is reported that Mr. Ellis began his wheat culture by selecting the finest heads of wheat in the field, following whose success a wheat culture is developed.

A fourth will doubt I suppose with stools standing with a commercial fertilizer, running with weeds, nearly all of which go into the work of the wheat and the harvest. Ellis's way of selecting seed to the soil and climate.

A little quantity of seed is planted on ground not too deep in the soil.

Natural forest seed absolutely free from all fungi or the trouble this invisible spores or germs of black and stinking smut.

How to Build an Ice House.

Now is the time to build ice houses, if not in the interests of all who use horse says American Agriculturist. One of the chief points to consider is location with special reference to good drainage. A side hill is preferable, and it is always best to lay a tile drain around the building three feet or so from the walls. The best fill is sawdust or tan-bark and for these a dry sand will be sufficient, the material is put in as the boards are added between the posts as the bottom. Ventilation must be provided for by openings at the gables or extending as a chimney through the roof. Cut the blocks of ice evenly, pack closely and cover with boards and then with six inches of sawdust. When straw is used for covering must be thicker.

A Colony of Bees.

Beginners are often perplexed by the pronounced use of the terms "swarm of bees," "hive of bees" and colony of bees." A swarm properly means the bees that leave the hive in natural division, the hive that collect in a cluster and when put in an empty hive will begin anew their labors — constructing combs, rearing brood, in a word, thus establishing a new colony. The term colony is used to signify the bees of one hive. A hive is the box in which the bees live and work. A hive of bees is often alluded to as a swarm of a colony.

A Square Deal for Everybody.

I consult home and land-seekers to call the growing sections of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, the Great Northern Railway Line has all excursion rates with stop over privileges, good for thirty days, at One Fare for the Round trip, on April 22d, May 20th September 9th September 23rd and October 14th from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior. This will enable purchasers to see the famous Park Region of Minnesota, the wonderful Red River Valley Devils Lake, the Turtle Mountain and the Mouse River Regions of North Dakota, the rich valleys of the Big Sioux and James in Southern Dakota, and the vast fertile districts watered by the Missouri, Milk, Teton and Marias Rivers, in the great Reservation of Montana, no land grant restrictions or extra costs there to secure homesteads.

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TAKE CARE OF THE MANURE.

The Importance of Good Feeding and Good Sense in Making Manure.

In a general way farmers and stockmen that a considerable part of the value of what they feed to stock goes to the manure heap, but neither the importance of feeding for good bedding, nor the means are appreciated as they should be. It requires study to learn how to make valuable manure profitable. High feeding will not always do it. Stock do it. In making manure profitable, keep no more stock on the farm than is needed to work it, and only young stock that yearly increase in value. These can be fed much food as will supply all their needs and return to the soil a manure richer in plant food than the crop just taken off. The bedding of this stock is more essential in making rich manure as well as increasing the bulk than many might suppose for the liquid is the most valuable. Not only is it richer in plant food but the plant food is more available for crops. But notwithstanding this very few provide any bedding at all while many fewer use the best.

A German authority found that 1,000 pounds of bedding absorbed the following weight of liquid: good straw, 3,000 pounds; saw dust, 3,571; leaf raking, 1,639 and peat, 4,483. From this it seems that leaves are next to the most valuable material that can be had for bedding. Not only do leaves make a better bedding but they have a great value in themselves. Nearly every farm has some woodland attached. A woodland annually goes to waste. Forest leaves that could and should be utilized as fertilizing matter and for bedding. The off days and parts of days when there is not much else to do can be profitably employed in gathering up the leaves and hauling them to the barn where they can be used as bedding for the horses, cattle and pigs as well as spread the manure in the barnyard to absorb the liquid portions of the manure which would otherwise be lost by evaporation and drainage. This leaf hauling should be a good place and formed pen and other fresh clean earth in its place.—Southern Cultivator.

Selling Straw.

When a farmer sells all his straw to be carried away and the manure that is made from it, he is selling for nothing the land. When rye straw is worth $15 or $20 per ton it is an inducement to let it go off the place, but something is required for the loss of the land. Wheat straw is not half as rich for cows and will be consumed by having it run stacks through the winter then eat will be in the manure, and if it is not there will be little left. It will be large it will make a strong hay and fodder. The straw exercised in the land all out of the farm products to town if straw should be used for bedding to be returned to the farm manure. Don't burn off the straw. Don't sell any farm products without returning it to the soil. Animals will